

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Her Little Boy.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.
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THE Major endeavored to change the subject, but Mrs. Lathrop continued, in the low southern tone he had grown to like more than any other voice at the Grand View hotel. They were walking on the wide veranda that looked seaward, and a midsummer, honey-colored moon was throwing a path of gold out over the waters of the bay. The last two evenings, while they took this same promenade at moonrise, the Major had wondered whether he would be able to escape the penalty of sentiment before the moon slipped back into her first quarter.

"Here's such a dear little lad, big blue eyes and that curly hair, don't you know, that gives a boy such a manly look? I've kept him at the military academy ever since he was ten. I felt I ought to make the sacrifice for his sake, even while I dreaded the separation. And I wanted him in a western school. I do think the ideals are more democratic, don't you, Major Chalmers?" She caught his nod contentedly, and went on. "His letters have been so tender and well-sorted of big in their outlook, for such a little chap, I thought. Did I read the last one to you? I meant to. They have just been everything to me in the years of separation."

"I trust his coming will not cut short your stay here, Mrs. Lathrop." The Major threw an extra note of solicitude in his voice, as he slipped her silk scarf over her shoulders. "We could hardly spare you now."

"Still, I think Irene wishes you would go on to Newport," she spoke thoughtfully and delicately. "It is rather slow here for a young, attractive girl like her."

They had reached a turn on the veranda, and the dancing floor of the big double music room came in view. It was brilliantly lighted for the nightly "hop," and even from where they stood they could see the court of Irene, her dark hair and white, slim shoulders turned to them, and surrounding her all the available, best looking men in the hotel. The Major frowned and laughed at the same time.

"Slow? She's kept me busy refusing suitors ever since she got out of school three weeks ago. She's just seventeen and—" he paused, the next words that would commit him to future matrimony trembling on his tongue. Mrs. Lathrop lifted her head and looked at him attentively, earnestly, her gray eyes filled with understanding sympathy. They had shadows beneath them, and her skin was dusky like a peach blow vase, the lips a beautiful rose touch, and a deep dimple in her pointed chin. And suddenly the major was stumbling like a boy, telling her how the one hope of his life was to win her as his wife.

"But what about Irene? She has been everything to you ever since your sister died."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," quoted the Major, lifting her hand close to his lips.

The next morning before her breakfast tray had been sent up, Mrs. Lathrop had a caller. There came a heavy, imperative rap on the outer door of her suite, and then the door opened and a strange man entered. Surely, it was a strange man. Mrs. Lathrop gave a frightened little cry and sat up in bed, her silk negligee drawn close about her shoulders, as she stared at him. He was five foot ten, and broad of shoulder, tanned and jubilant, a husky, healthy youngster of nineteen.

"Mother, you grand old darling, how are you?" He wrapped her about in a swift, hungry embrace that left her crushed and aghast. "I came sooner than I expected to, because a bunch of the fellows were bound this way and I wanted to make the race with them at New London. Gee, the ocean smells good. I'm hungry, too."

"Ralph," she put him from her gently, almost feebly. "How did you ever grow so tall and enormous?"

"Eight, am I? I was afraid I'd shock you." He kissed her laughingly, without remorse. "It's funny to have such a pretty little mother. I'll bet a cookie you're a heart smasher yet."

Mrs. Lathrop winced at the last word. Yet? Her forty-eight years had never faced her so uncomplacingly before. Later on, as they walked along the board walk to the beach, she felt her heart beat fast at the thought of the impending meeting with the major. Her little boy she had called him, and he had really seemed that. It had been three years since she had seen him and he had been a little, awkward, half-grown cub of a boy, and now he was a man. She wondered if it would mean the end of her own midsummer romance. Would the major stand the shock? Suddenly Ralph gave a low whistle and looked ahead of them, his eyes keen with quick joy.

"Say, mother, dear, excuse me just a minute, won't you? There's a girl I met out west."

She sat down to wait for him under one of the sunshade awnings, and here the Major joined her. He was delightfully proprietary and tender with her, and then he sighed and motioned to her to look down on the beach. Two figures showed behind a cherry red parasol.

"I told Irene this morning, and she laughed at me and teased up. It seems that she's been engaged for four months, and didn't dare tell me because it seemed just a boy and girl affair. Have you any sympathy with them at all? I mean, do you think they know their own minds?"

"I sympathize with romance always, and it is never so ideally beautiful as in youth," she answered.

Then the cherry parasol twined in their direction, just as she wondered how she could break the shock on Ralph, and coming leisurely and happily toward them were the two—Ralph and Major. There was no mistaking their attitude toward each other, and the major smiled proudly.

"Nice sort of chap, isn't he? I like

SMART MODEL EASILY COPIED AT HOME



By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—This smart frock of taffeta might be called a pagoda dress, for the skirt is an inversion of a pagoda's lines. Made up in a dark color, the original was brown, this little dress would be found of great usefulness in any woman's wardrobe. The waist is a simple kimono affair, bloused just a trifle over the narrow belt. The five tiered skirt is narrow at the bottom and bouffant at the top, thus giving the new accentuated hip line.

This frock could easily be copied at home.

that military cut he has. First name's Ralph. Didn't catch the last."

Mrs. Lathrop leaned forward, her eyes filled with sudden tears. "Why, why?" she faltered before she thought, "It's my little boy!"

The Major's hand closed over hers, and they waited.

"I knew all along that you were Ralph's mother, but I didn't dare say a word until he came," Irene said, blushing. "But I was so glad when Uncle Everard thought you were so dear and wonderful, for of course I suppose we'll be one family now, won't we?"

It was the Major's cue and he rose to it with all the grace and ease he would have used in making a five-hour address before the state legislature down home in Georgia.

"I cannot conceive of anything that would add more to your mother's happiness and mine at this moment than that you should find life's answer in the love of Irene, my boy, because," and here the Major's eyes gleamed with a touch of mischief, "because this same contagion of romance that by some grace of God has come to a weary world has lighted the path ahead of us also. I think possible the months abroad, the past two years have made us realize the uncertainty of human life, and that there are very few really essential things after all. Love and faith and comradeship and honor. What do you say, Ralph? Your mother and I will be married before fall. I trust that you and Irene will be with us."

Ralph bent to kiss his mother. "Did I guess it the first time I looked at you?" he said tenderly. "I told her, Major, she was a heart smasher."

SOUNDS LIKE CHOCTAW.
"Where are you from?"
"Walla Walla, Wash."

CARELESSNESS EXPLAINED.
Willis—Why don't you pronounce these foreign names correctly? Don't you know how?
Gills—Sure but if I did nobody would understand what I was talking about.—Judge.

REDUCED RATES.
Judge—You are guilty of assaulting a man wearing glasses. I fine you \$10.
Defendant—But your honor, the plaintiff wore only a monocle.
Judge—Then your fine will be but \$5.—Detroit News.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM SHOULD BE GLAD HE'S NOT A CENTIPEDE)—BY ALLMAN.

Sister Mary's
KITCHEN

In the Kitchen of her own home Sister Mary cooks daily for a family of four adults. She brought to her kitchen an understanding of the chemistry of cooking, gained from study of domestic science in a state university. Consequently the advice she offers is a happy combination of theory and practice. Every recipe she gives is her own, first tried out and served at her family table.

To make a dustless duster take equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine and add a little vinegar. Shake well. Dip a piece of cheesecloth into the solution and let it become thoroughly wet. Wring as dry as possible and behold your dustless duster.

There's no doubt but that a dry dust cloth merely succeeds in scattering the dust. The dust disappears for the time being but soon settles.

Whereas a moist cloth actually gathers the dust and does away with it. The advantage of this formula of oil and turpentine is that it polishes the wood as well as cleans it.

From dusters to menus is quite a step but it's all in the day's work.

Menu for Tomorrow.
Breakfast—Stewed prunes, cereal with top milk, apricot muffins, coffee.

Luncheon—Scrambled eggs, bread and butter, plain cookies, tea.
Dinner—Calves liver and bacon, baked potatoes, creamed onions, apple, celery, orange and raisin salad, lemon pie, coffee.

My Own Recipes.
The most delicious way to cook liver is to smother it in onions, but as a member of our family does not like the fragrant fruit, I never do it that way.

Plain Cookies.
1-4 cupful butter.
1-4 cupful lard.
1 cupful sugar.
1 egg.
3 tablespoonfuls sweet milk.

3 teaspoonfuls baking powder.
1 teaspoonful salt.
2 teaspoonfuls vanilla.
Flour to roll, about 3 cupfuls.
Cream the sugar and shortening. Add egg, well beaten, milk and vanilla. Mix baking powder and salt with two cupfuls of flour and add. Then add as much more flour as needed. Cookie dough must not be too stiff. Roll to one quarter inch thickness. Cut and bake in moderate oven.

Calves Liver.
Slice liver about one quarter inch thick. Plunge into boiling water and let stand five minutes. Do not boil. Fry bacon. Roll liver in flour, season with salt and pepper and fry in the bacon fryings. Liver must be well cooked.

Creamed Onions.
12 small onions.
1 cupful white sauce.
Peel onions. Parboil. Cook uncovered in boiling salted water until soft. Drain and serve with white sauce.

White Sauce.
1 tablespoonful butter.
1-2 tablespoonfuls flour.
1-2 teaspoonful salt.
1-8 teaspoonful pepper.
1 cupful milk.

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add flour, salt and pepper. Stir until thoroughly mixed. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Let boil two minutes.

Let the cooks strike and good-night Bolshevism!

Confessions of a Bride

A Woman Likes to Depend on Her Husband.

After a woman passes the age of twenty-five, she likes to say that she can get along and be perfectly happy without having a man around all of the time. If she is unmarried, she is apt to find this article of the feminist faith in the face of her wedded friends; if married, she gives her opinion the weight of a new declaration of independence, which oftentimes, it is.

I am sure I should have sympathized with this popular bit of bravado had fate permitted me to follow a humdrum career, but my extraordinary adventures had taught me that woman is happiest as a clinging vine, no matter how self-sufficient she may pretend to be.

Whenever I get my affairs tangled up in an awful mess I want my husband to come immediately and straighten them out for me.

No sooner did I find myself approaching the climax of the Mexican affair than I realized how weak and worthless I was, and wanted to remain.

Bob, I hoped, was on his way to join me, and to take over my burdens. He had been detained by her father, ostensibly to wait for important papers concerning the mines, but in reality to keep him from traveling with Katherine Miller.

I grew sick whenever I realized what might have happened to that unfortunate girl. To be sure, she had a big market value—she was good for an enormous ransom—and if she had been clever enough to harness this fact upon her captors, she would have been spared a terrible fate.

Morrison assured me that the rings she wore were a grand advertisement of her wealth, and one which the bandits would recognize and bank on. He argued that she would exist in perfect safety—and vast discomfort—until her money value was ascertained.

The detective's theory was comforting—and I needed comfort. No matter what the girl's character, and in spite of all my reason for abhorring her, I realized that she had fallen into an awful predicament as the result of Daddy's brand of diplomacy. It was up to the "timers to rescue Katherine Miller.

Nothing could be done until Bob was safely north of the Rio, nevertheless, Morrison shaped and discarded a score of plans for searching for Miss Miller. By means of his telegraph code, which seemed to cover only the

coffee business, he kept Daddy Morrison in touch with the situation. And he called upon some of his professional friends to meet him at the nearest border towns. The bunch would hustle, he said, for rescuing a lovely girl from bandits was their favorite game.

Morrison ended by insisting that Bob would be waiting for me on the edge of the good old U. S. He insisted in spite of the fact that we never got a single answer to the wires he had sent.

We would just have to worry along without answers he said, and he glad his own messages went over the line before that crook at the station got onto our code. We discussed the pros and cons of our situation as we sat by the fountain in the patio of hacienda. To deceive the numerous loungers in the place we laughed gaily as if we were joking. I trusted that I was proving a successful actress.

Perhaps I laughed a bit hysterically. I couldn't see how I was going to get away with Baby Babe and I was confronting a most unexpected ordeal—the oddest a bride ever faced.

I was destined to see my husband join Morrison's searching party. I must see Bob go forth to save a lovely damsel from a dragon's cave!

And my too vivid imagination pictured that beautiful lady, with her lovely tresses streaming behind her, as she rushed into the arms of the valiant knight who had come to rescue her!

TOUGH LUCK.

Native—No show for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" tonight at the opera house.
Visitor—Show fall to turn up.
Native—No; our sheriff arrested the owner for not having a license for the dogs.—Detroit News.

We need Used Furniture to supply our Old Store, corner Jackson and Jefferson streets. You need New Furniture from our New Store, 221 Monroe Street. Let us exchange. We also repair or store Furniture.

See Denham First Co.
221 MONROE STREET
Next to Walworth's

Osgood's
for
Quality

Centemeri Gloves

"THE FIELDER"

is a Gauntlet Glove of smart design, with a saucy tab and clasp, made of French Kid, in glazed and Mocha skins. The colors are new and desirable to wear with Fashion's latest garments.

The Centemeri Glove Co., whose factory is in Grenoble, France, are finding it difficult to supply the demand for this glove to American women.

Osgood's

Because of the fact that we stock Centemeri Gloves exclusively and having anticipated this demand by placing our orders early—are now pleased to advise you that a full assortment awaits you here.

Horse Marines Are
No Longer a Joke

WASHINGTON, October 27.—The old joke about horse Marines has gone in to discard along with the memory of Captain Jinks.

Nearly every Marine is able to perform the duties of a cavalryman when the occasion demands, and mounted detachments of Marine are now on duty in Haiti, China and elsewhere. The

sea soldiers do some plain and fancy riding at their school of equestrianism, conducted by the Marine Corps at Quantico, near here, and students are given a course of lectures on horsemanship.

As a demonstration of their skill horse Marines competed in the rodeo held recently at San Francisco and carried off several prizes.

Only as early as 1908 the typewriter was a sensation and its users were centers of interest.

Now Is a Good Time
To Drive Out Catarrh

The Trouble Is in the Blood.

Summer catarrh, with its cause, ous discharge, stuffed up glands, difficult breathing, and summer colds, is bad enough, but the worst of it is yet to come if you neglect to check the growth that is the root of the trouble. Waste no time in this matter, for it is of the utmost importance. Write to our Medical Advisor about your case. That's why it's important to treat catarrh with S. S. S. during warm weather.

It is now an established fact that catarrh in the blood and that lotions and salves do not give relief. The experience of others has proven that S. S. S. strikes at the root of the trouble. Waste no time in this matter, for it is of the utmost importance. Write to our Medical Advisor about your case. That's why it's important to treat catarrh with S. S. S. during warm weather.

"FLU"

Beware! Now is the time to trench yourself against its deadly attack. Are you subject to indigestion, acid stomach, sluggish liver, congested bowels, bad blood, anemic and weak? If so, you are subject to INFLUENZA and it will come back. Prevent it! Take our advice—GO to a druggist—

Ask for BURTONE—a dependable tonic, best

laxative, purgative, blood purifier that money can buy. BURTONE will help you forestall the FLU, help you store up energy. Get a grip on health—use BURTONE Tablets.

Burtone 25 cents. Your druggist will refund "double" the retail price if Burtone fails. Made at Ravenswood, W. Va., by the United Store Company.

Don't Wait—Use
BURTONE